



Published by the Press Publishing Company, No. 45 to 52 Park Row, New York.  
Entered at the Post-Office at New York as Second-Class Mail Matter.

VOLUME 46, NO. 16,868.

## RIDICULE OUT OF PLACE.

Sentiment regarding the Beef Trust exposures is going through a pendulum process with which the public is not unacquainted. Having swung to one extreme it is now swinging back to the other.

Congressmen discussing the Neill-Reynolds report raise applause by sneers at the "sensitive olfactories" of investigators who are offended because slaughter-houses do not smell of cologne. In Tuesday's debate Representatives said on the floor of the House that as much or more could be found to criticize in "the kitchens of the best people in the land." The report was characterized as "hypercritical if not visionary," and there was much ridicule of packing-house "antiseptics."

This point of view is as false and as vicious as that which saw only filth and rottenness in all the packing industry. The charges made are directed against specific abuses which are too disgusting in themselves to benefit by exaggeration. The story of Packingtown uncleanness and indecency is nauseating and will not down. It is not to be laughed away, and it is decidedly not a topic to set Congress in a roar. Making all allowance for overstatement and misrepresentation the nature of the evils revealed calls for their sober consideration. "Friends of the packers" who are seeking to emasculate legislation for the correction of the abuses are antagonizing the best interests of the packers no less than the welfare of the public.

## THE SUBWAY VENT HOLES.

One cannot but admire the calm assurance with which the Interborough management goes about the work of cutting gashes in the streets to make vent holes for the Subway.

It is necessary, of course, that outlets should be provided for the sweat-box atmosphere below. But it was not contemplated that the company should rip up the streets, mar the surface with unsightly ventilating devices and fence off sections of it for their protection. Upper Broadway has to all intents and purposes been appropriated to this use as if by right of possession. What was once an attractive park avenue bids fair to be permanently disfigured.

The correction of mistakes of subway construction has been responsible for some extraordinary makeshifts. In the case of these improvised ventilating trenches there is a regrettable appearance of botch work hardly in keeping with ideals of a city beautiful.

## COLOR AND THE PALATE.

The chemists who prepare food preservatives and dyes for the packers appear to have built up a flourishing trade on the deception which humankind's sense of color exercises on its sense of taste.

Naturally bacon or sausage possessing that "golden mahogany finish" which Ceylon cola imparts to it would lead a housewife to select it in preference to others. Coney Island frankfurters with a "golden red liver color" might be expected to go off like hot cakes where other brands of a somber shade would remain uncalled for. Lard bleached "white as snow" would attract customers. Is not white the symbol of purity?

This color deception of the palate is an old trick of the trade. The dairyman knows a secret about the golden butter over which the home connoisseur raves. The lovely sea green tint on canned peas which adds to their salability, the rainbow hues of preserved fruits and the lustrous glow of whiskeys and some wines are artificially obtained. The amazing thing is the extent to which the manufacture of food coloring materials has been carried and the frank use made of them in fabricating food products. If this goes on in the open, what happens behind closed doors?

## Prophetic?

By J. Campbell Corey.



## NEW YORK THRO' FUNNY GLASSES.

By Irvin S. Cobb.

THERE'S a new field of fruitful endeavor for the mental bug-hunters who do expert testifying by the day, week or job, and they don't know it.

The brain lobe entomologists who are willing to go on the stand and show that any prisoner is dippy providing the prosecution doesn't put up eight dollars more for proof of sanity, are entirely overlooking one of the largest bets that ever offered opportunities to thrifty alienists. They ought to be devoting their energies during summer vacation when court isn't in session to study of the peculiar form of intellectual soufflé which comes over the man who goes down to the track on a Saturday afternoon.

Taking him by and large the Saturday afternoon sport is a conservative, not to say short-waisted, spender. The original old Mr. Tightwad was his blood uncle.

He carries his change in a little leather purse that opens like a pocket and keeps it buried in a pocket in his undershirt, and when he is called on to pay an extra carfare he has to go out on the back platform and undress. The chances are that he was reared in one of those orthodox or blue mass households where he was taught to regard with suspicion everybody who didn't belong to his pa's church.

He grows up with the idea that the world is one large lemon grove, and that when the crop falls everybody will try to hand him a tartaric acid substitute.

He feels that there is a universal conspiracy to snag him loose from his bank roll, and that unless he sits right by the bedside raising the little savings account by hand, some miscreant is going to steal it away in the night and leave a stage money foundling in the cradle.

Naturally games of chance are about as popular with him as a can of



American beef is at present in a careful household in Bavaria. He never knew the joy of purchasing the most perishable and temporary commodity in the world—a stack of blue chips.

He thinks draw poker is something you play with a lead pencil like tit-tat-toe, and the gentle person who drops in on him with a system for beating the market is made as welcome as an exposed nerve.

But about this time of the year he puts on a straw hat which admits of a draught blowing in on his mind and then pretty soon he has the race track disease, and 'tis ho! for merry Gravesend on one of the B. R. T.'s fish-spawn specials.

At home in the office he wouldn't accept inside tips from John D. Rockefeller on Standard Oil, but as soon as he hits the betting ring or minnow pond he begins to yearn for information plucked from out the blue ether.

A total stranger whispers to him that he has it from a cousin who got it from a real tout who wormed it out of a genuine stable boy that Creeping Paralysis cannot lose unless the jockey cuts off all four of his legs and hides them where the sagacious creature cannot find them.

With a glad cry the conservative spender rushes into the shed and invests a week's salary in a fossil remains that ought to be in a hospital for the treatment of club feet.

Then he strangles a post on the home stretch and sees Creeping Paralysis beaten so far by Walking Typhoid that it is difficult to tell whether the noble animal is finishing last in the fourth race or first in the fifth.

### THE FUNNY PART:

And next Saturday he'll go back and let the stinger gaff him again.

# The Masquerader by Katherine Cecil Thurston

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## CHAPTER XXV.

(Continued.)

DISENGAGING himself from the group of men who had surrounded and followed him down the lobby he descended the lift and ran up the narrow staircase. Reaching the landing he went forward hurriedly; then with a certain abrupt movement he paused. In the doorway leading to the gallery Eve was waiting for him. The place was not brightly lighted and she was standing in the shadow; but it needed only a glance to assure his recognition. He could almost have seen in the dark that night, so vivid were his perceptions. He took a step toward her, then again he stopped. In a second glance he realized that her eyes were bright with tears; and it was with the strangest sensation he had ever experienced that the knowledge flashed upon him. Here also he had struck the same note—the long-coveted note of supremacy. It had rung out full and clear as he stood in Chilcote's place dominating the House. It had besieged him clamorously as he passed along the lobbies amid a sea of friendly hands and voices; now in the quiet of the deserted gallery it came home to him with deeper meaning from the eyes of Chilcote's wife.

Without a thought he put out his hands and caught hers.

"I couldn't get away," he said. "I'm afraid I'm very late."

With a smile that scattered her tears Eve looked up. "Are you?" she said, laughing a little. "I don't know what the time is. I scarcely know whether it's night or day."

Still holding one of her hands he drew her down the stairs, but as they reached the last step she released her fingers.

"In the carriage?" she said with another little laugh of nervous happiness.

At the foot of the stairs they were surrounded. Men whose faces Loder barely knew crowded about him. The intoxication of excitement was still in the air—the instinct that a new force had made itself felt, a new epoch been entered upon, stirred prophetically in every mind.

Passing through the enthusiastic concourse of

men they came unexpectedly upon Fraide and Lady Sarah surrounded by a group of friends. The old statesman came forward instantly and, taking Loder's arm, walked with him to Chilcote's waiting brougham. He said little as they slowly made their way to the carriage, but the pressure of his fingers was tense and an unwelcome color showed in his face. When Eve and Loder had taken their seats he stepped to the edge of the curb. They were alone for the moment, and, leaning close to the carriage he put his hand through the open window. In silence he took Eve's fingers and held them in a long, affectionate pressure; then he released them and took Loder's hand.

"Good night, Chilcote," he said. "You have proved yourself worthy of her. Good night." He turned quickly and rejoined his waiting friends. In another second the horses had wheeled round, and Eve and Loder were carried swiftly forward into the darkness.

In the great moments of man's life woman comes before—and after. Some shadow of this truth was in Eve's mind as she lay back in her seat with closed eyes and parted lips. It seemed that life came to her now for the first time—came in the glad, proud, satisfying tide of things accomplished. This was her hour; and the recognition of it brought the blood to her face in a sudden, happy rush. There had been no need to precipitate its coming; it had been ordained from the first. Whether she desired it or no, whether she strove to draw it nearer or grove to ward it off, its coming had been inevitable. She opened her eyes suddenly and looked out into the darkness—the darkness throbbing with multitudes of lives, all awaiting, all desiring fulfillment. She was no longer lonely, no longer alone; she was kin with all this pitiful, admirable, stupor, loving humanity. Again tears of pride and happiness filled her eyes. Then suddenly the thing she had waited for came to pass.

Loder leaned close to her. She was conscious of his manner, of his strong, masterful personality. With a thrill that caught her breath she felt his arm about her shoulder and heard the sound of his voice.

"Eve," he said, "I love you. Do you understand? I love you." And drawing her close to him he bent and kissed her.

With Loder to do was to do fully. When he gave he gave generously; when he swept aside a barrier he left no stone standing. He had been



"You've proved yourself worthy of her. Good-night!"

slow to recognize his capacities—slower still to recognize his feelings. But now that the knowledge came he received it openly. In this matter of newly comprehended love he gave no thought to either past or future. That they loved and were alone was all he knew or questioned. She was as much Eve—the one woman—as though they were together in the primeval garden; and in that spirit he claimed her.

He neither spoke nor behaved extravagantly in

that great moment of comprehension. He acted quietly, with the completeness of purpose that he gave to everything. He had found a new capacity within himself, and he was strong enough to tread no weakness in displaying it.

Holding her close to him he repeated his declaration again and again, as though repetition ratified it. He found no need to question her feeling for him—he had divined it in a flash of inspiration as she stood waiting in the doorway of

the gallery; but his own surrender was a different matter.

As the carriage passed round the corner of Whitehall and dipped into the traffic of Piccadilly he bent down again until her soft hair brushed his face; and the warm personal contact, the slight, fresh smell of violets so suggestive of her presence stirred him afresh.

"Eve," he said vehemently, "do you understand? Do you know that I have loved you always—from the very first?" As he said it he bent still nearer, kissing her lips, her forehead, her hair.

At the same moment the horses slackened speed and then stopped, arrested by one of the temporary blocks that so often occur in the traffic of Piccadilly Circus.

Loder, preoccupied with his own feelings, scarcely noticed the halt, but Eve drew away from him laughing.

"You mustn't," she said softly. "Look!"

The carriage had stopped beside one of the small islands that intersect the place; a group of pedestrians were crowded upon it, under the light of the electric lamp—wayfarers who, like themselves, were awaiting a passage. Loder took a cursory glance at them, then turned back to Eve.

"What are they, after all, but men and women?" he said. "They'd understand—every one of them." He laughed in his turn; nevertheless he withdrew his arm. Her feminine thought for conventionalities appealed to him. It was an acknowledgment of dependency.

For a while they sat silent, the light of the street lamp flickering through the glass of the window, the hum of voices and traffic coming to them in a continuous rise and fall of sound. At first the position was interesting, but as the seconds followed each other it gradually became irksome. Loder, watching the varying expressions of Eve's face, grew impatient of the delay, grew suddenly eager to be alone again in the fragrant darkness.

Impelled by the desire he leaned forward and opened the window.

"Let's find the meaning of this," he said. "Is there nobody to regulate the traffic?" As he spoke he half rose and leaned out of the window. There was a touch of imperious annoyance in his manner. Fresh from the realization of power, there was something irksome in this commonplace check to his desires.

"Isn't it possible to get out of this?" Eve heard

him call to the coachman. Then she heard no more.

He had leaned out of the carriage with the intention of looking onward toward the cause of the delay; instead, by that magnetic attraction that undoubtedly exists, he looked directly in front of him at the group of people waiting on the little island—at one man who leaned against the lamp-post in an attitude of apathy—a man with a pallid, unshaven face and lustreless eyes, who wore a cap drawn low over his forehead.

He looked at this man, and the man saw and returned his glance. For a space that seemed interminable they held each other's eyes; then very slowly Loder drew back into the carriage.

As he dropped into his seat Eve glanced at him anxiously.

"John," she said, "has anything happened? You look ill!"

He turned to her and tried to smile.

"It's nothing," he said. "Nothing to worry about." He spoke quickly, but his voice had suddenly become flat. All the command, all the domination had dropped away from it.

Eve bent close to him, her face lighting up with anxious tenderness. "It was the excitement," she said, "the strain of to-night."

He looked at her, but he made no attempt to press the fingers that clasped his own.

"Yes," he said slowly. "Yes. It was the excitement of to-night—and the reaction."

(To Be Continued.)

## THE BETRAYAL

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